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THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INC.

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The Shakespeare Association of America aims to unite all the lovers of the poet and to encourage and enlarge the widespread interest in his works. It will serve as a means of communication in the Shakesperian world, reporting what is being done in his honor or service, whether on the stage or in the schoolroom, in club or in university. Its purpose includes co-operation in every enterprise that will be helpful to a knowledge of the man and his works, whether scholarly, educational, or theatrical.

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VIOLA ALLEN

1867-1948

VIOLA ALLEN

By May Davenport Seymour

ON October 15, 1946, the Museum of the City of New York was given the privilege and honor of introducing Viola Allen to the public after twenty-seven years of retirement when she presented us her theatrical costumes, programs, photographs and other memorabilia, "the tools of her trade," as she called them in the graceful speech she made upon this memorable occasion: "They seem to have attained a fresh value, newly come to life in this lovely Gallery which I am proud to have the privilege of opening as the permanent home of the Theatre Collection. May it provide pleasant memories for the older ones who see it and perhaps bring encouragement to the younger ones."

So spoke this gifted gentlewoman, who had grown up in an atmosphere of Shakespeare in the theatre of another day. She did not live in the past, however, for up to the last day of her busy life she kept abreast of the times always with an unflagging interest in all that went on in this changing, restless world.

Viola Allen was born in Huntsville, Alabama, on October the 27th, 1867. Her father, C. Leslie Allen, a distinguished actor for many years, was a Bostonian by birth and her mother, an actress in her early life, was an Englishwoman. It is told that when Mr. Allen first saw his infant daughter, he murmured to his young wife—"Tis that miracle and queen of gems" and she replied with another quotation from *Twelfth Night*—

> "It gives a very great echo to the seat
> Where Love is crowned"—

What more fitting than to call this little girl, Viola?

In 1882, Annie Russell was most successfully playing the title role of *Esmeralda,* a sweet and homey play by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett (immortalized by her "Little Lord Fauntleroy") and William Gillette whose *Sherlock Holmes* has placed him with the immortals. This play had enjoyed a long run at the Madison Square

Theatre in New York City. Both Mr. and Mrs. Allen were in the cast. To quote again from Miss Allen's speech at the Museum, the manuscript of which I have before me with numerous notations in her delicate penmanship:

> "My own rather unexpected advent into the theatre came when home on vacation from an English boarding-school. I was given an opportunity to understudy the ingenue role in a then popular play that had been running a season in New York under the direction of a very noted stage director. A wise understanding mother was quick to see the advantage of such an association for future benefit. But it chanced the frail exquisite Annie Russell needed a summer's rest and I slipped quietly into the shoes of Esmeralda under the clever guidance of William Seymour a man of rare patience and great ability whom I was to welcome twenty years later as director of my productions."

Always Viola called me May SEYMOUR because, as she once wrote, "I must add that name for it seems to belong with the other and because it is dear to me as always bringing the heart warming feeling of your father's kindness to the littlest bit of nothing that ever came to rehearse before him." These words are but one illustration of her innate modesty and gentleness of spirit.

Once again I quote from her Museum speech: "Ever since I can remember I have heard Shakespeare read at home by my father, a real scholar and true lover of the Bard of Avon. So it was natural I should want to follow my first lovely experience with an effort to act Shakespearean parts, the ambition of almost every serious actor sooner or later. Luckily in my early days there were still repertoire companies headed by great artists. Once again as an understudy I became a member of the company of John McCullough (1884), a fine lovable, genial Irishman, as noble in his presence as in his acting. 'There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will!' I had not long to wait before Fortune smiled again and I was called upon at short notice to play the lovely roles I had longed for—Virginia, Cordelia, Desdemona, Lady Anne, Virgilia, Calpurnia and other leading parts in classic and semi-classic plays until the tragic breakdown and soon following death of dear lamented John McCullough.

"Then came never-to-be-forgotten engagements with the scholarly Lawrence Barrett and the magnificent Italian, Tomasso Salvini (1885-1886)." In this engagement all the company spoke English with Salvini using his native tongue. I asked Viola if it was not very

difficult to pick up their cues. She answered me very simply but positively: "Why not at all—we knew our Shakespeare."—This has always seemed to me the key note of her art—she knew her Shakespeare. Once more I turn to her own words: "An ever-increasing repertoire with Salvini, including Juliet to his handsome son, Alexander, as Romeo was followed by delightful association with our own inimitable Joseph Jefferson, W. J. Florence and Mrs. John Drew in the old comedies. It all meant constant work and study but gave me the invaluable training and experience denied to most of our young people of the stage today.

"Long happy seasons at the Empire Theatre (1893-1898) in notable company brought me in contact with that beloved Napoleon of the Drama, Charles Frohman, before I joined the stellar group (1898) under the banner of the dynamic and greatly missed George Tyler, and kind Mr. Liebler, and enjoyed the friendship and association of such noted authors as Hall Caine, F. Marion Crawford, Rachel Crothers, Clyde Fitch, Louis Parker, Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier and their successful and financially important plays,—not forgetting the very gifted colleagues who have appeared with me in 'The Christian,' 'In the Palace of the King,' 'The Eternal City,' 'The White Sister' and 'The Daughter of Heaven.' At last the time came when circumstances obliged me to choose my own path and I made haste to return to my beloved Shakespeare and felt again the indescribable joy of speaking his inspired lines and of bringing to life the glowing women of his creation: Viola, Hermione and Perdita, Portia, Rosalind and Imogen—incidentally proving that our American managers who at that time cried 'Shakespeare spells ruin!' were utterly mistaken. Finally came a season when I played Lady Macbeth to the superb Macbeth of James K. Hackett (1916) followed by Mistress Ford. Then alas! his long severe illness cut short his ambition and our contract for further productions.

"I think the tenderest memories of my very early days cling around the character of Cordelia in *King Lear.* Her answer to her father who was dividing his kingdom among his three daughters seems to me unexampled for shining truth and honesty . . . . . Enthusiasm I think is one of the chief characteristics of the people of the stage."

In a letter to me dated August 30th, 1946, Viola wrote: "I find I have had the real joy of appearing as fifteen of Shakespeare's women—not of course all Juliets and Portias but some of the lesser

roles in the beginning. The list includes Lady Anne (Richard III), Calpurnia (Caesar's wife), Virgilia (Coriolanus), Desdemona, Cordelia, Juliet, Portia, Rosalind, Viola, Hermione, Perdita, Imogen, Lady Macbeth and Mistress Ford—and one other that in the hurry to mail this escapes me." As a matter of fact that one other might have been Celia in "As You Like It" which she played "for sweet charity's sake" at an all star performance at Castle Stevens, Hoboken, when Rose Coghlan was the Rosalind, Maurice Barrymore the Orlando and Agnes Booth the Audrey with William Seymour directing (June 16, 1891).

I have here before me a page from the old *Theatre Magazine;* it is undated but it is entitled "The Difficulties of Playing Shakespearean Heroines" by Viola Allen. I believe time and perspective have not altered these words from the pen of a woman who knew her Shakespeare:

> "That there are many difficulties in the way of presenting Shakespeare is a fact, I think that no one will deny. Not that Shakespeare on the stage does not interest the public, but rather that those who know and love the works of the great bard so seldom see his immortal dramas presented in accordance with their own ideals. They are often disappointed because the stage characters do not altogether represent the ones they have pictured as the result of their own study or perusal of the writings of the countless commentators who have devoted years to analyzing the works of the greatest of dramatists; just as many persons prefer a book that is not illustrated because the artist's conception of the characters is sure to differ materially from the mental pictures, vague at first, but which develop as the story unfolds until they become so real as to cause a discordant note when confronted by scenes and faces differing so widely from the ones they have created.
>
> Not only does the critic and the thoughtful theatregoer take his seat on a Shakespearian first night with his own impressions of the play and characters before him; but he remembers, also, other performances he has seen, and still others of which he has read.
>
> Contrast the difference in the possibilities of success that confront the woman who attempts Juliet, Portia or Ophelia, with three hundred years of comparison and tradition to contend against as compared with those of one who appears before the same critics and the same audience in a play that is unknown, and in a character that cannot excite comparison because her interpretation is the only one."

From the clippings found in "Miss Viola Allen's Private Scrap Book" which has been entrusted to the care of the Theatre and Music Collection of the Museum of the City of New York, I find "any amount of commendation" for her interpretation of these Shakespearean Heroines.

In a review of John McCullough's *Othello* in the Morning Journal of February 7, 1884 we read:

> "Her [Viola Allen's] Desdemona is a charming performance throughout and the actor himself says that it is the best he has seen of recent years. It is seldom that one so young as Miss Allen achieves the prominence she has. With her natural and quick intelligence her mind will adapt itself to the highest order of stage art, so that by the time she has matured a little the best promises of the stage will be in her grasp. Two or three years schooling such as she is having at present with McCullough will do her immense good, and pave the way for her as a successor to Mary Anderson, now our representative tragedian."

The drama critic, unsigned, of the New York Herald, one morning in May, 1885, reviewing W. E. Sheridan's *King Lear* wrote: "Miss Viola Allen was a sweet and gracious Cordelia. She looked her part well, acted it well and occasionally threw into it a genuine intensity which moved her audience."

In October of the same year Miss Allen played Cordelia to the King Lear of that great Italian tragedian, Tomasso Salvini at the Metropolitan Opera House. The New York Herald records that "He was ably supported by Miss Viola Allen, who as Cordelia scored a decided success. In the scene where she first sees her father mad, Miss Allen displayed much power." During this same engagement the Commercial Advertiser said: "Miss Viola Allen's Desdemona was graceful and feminine, but it was overshadowed by the largeness of the Italian actor's methods and was chiefly conspicuous by the contrasting tenderness of its sympathetic appeal. In the closing scenes of the play, however, Miss Allen rose to a plane of tragic intensity, which disclosed the power undeniably possessed by the young actress and which augurs most favorably for her future elevation to an eminent position upon the stage."

In the Evening Telegram, New York, January 21st, 1905, George Henry Payne regrets that Miss Allen "was not able to have given more performances of *Twelfth Night* for while there were frank demerits in the interpretation, it was, all in all, one that car-

ried intense conviction with it, and was really truer to the underlying emotions of the play than any other Viola seen here in years."

In this play, as Arthur Symons very well declared, "we find Shakespeare's magnificent farewell to mirth—all that came after was seen through a veil of melancholy . . . . . Miss Allen's Viola was healthful and lovable, and she cast into it just enough of the strength of resolution to make it the really commanding figure that it ought to be. It is a bit of work of which the actress may well be proud."

Fittingly it seems it was as Viola that this Viola was last seen across the footlights. The occasion was a benefit performance in Scarborough-on-Hudson of *Twelfth Night* on May 30th, 1919.

On November 13th, 1946, just one month after the day Viola Allen so graciously presented the precious "tools of her trade" to the Museum of the City of New York, she was invited to be the guest of honor at the annual ceremonies held at The Players Club in New York City, commemorating the birthday of their founder, Edwin Booth.

The Secretary, John Knight, wrote for their Bulletin: "To have written her name on some of the grandest pages of our theatrical history, and to have fitted her career successfully into the larger pattern of happy creative living, is the rare achievement of Miss Allen. But it seems that she has carried in her memory one disappointment. As a young actress she almost, but not quite, achieved her dream of playing opposite the great Booth in some of his final performances.

"Happily for The Players, Miss Allen's triumph is now complete. As she spoke to us in the main lounge on Booth Day, and before the figure of the Prince in Gramercy Park, her moving tribute became one with the spirit of Edwin Booth on this, his 113th birthday."

On May the ninth, 1948, a little more than six years after the death of her beloved and deeply mourned husband, Peter Duryea, Viola Allen most gently fell asleep with a benediction for all her treasured players upon her lips.

Curator, Theatre and Music Collection
Museum of the City of New York

PERICLES: THE PLAY AND THE NOVEL

By Thomas Marc Parrott

ATTENTION has recently been re-directed to the puzzling play of *Pericles,* by performances at Stratford in the summer of 1947, and by John Munro's letter to the Times Literary Supplement (October 11, 1942). Since this letter challenges the now generally received opinion that the novel by Wilkins, *The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre,* follows and is based upon the play, it seems worth while to review the whole matter of the origin and publication of *Pericles.*

As is well known the original source of *Pericles* is a lost Greek romance, of which a Latin version, *Historia Apollonii regis Tyri,* is preserved in some hundred manuscripts. A further proof of its popularity in medieval times is found in the fact that it was included in the *Gesta Romanorum,* that catch-all of stories, and that it was translated into almost every European language; a fragmentary Anglo-Saxon version antedates the Norman conquest. In Chaucer's time Gower worked it up into a long narrative poem in his *Confessio Amantis.* With the dawn of the Renaissance in England, Wynkyn de Worde published in 1510 Copland's translation of a French version, and while Shakespeare was still a boy at Stratford Laurence Twine, an Oxford scholar and an "ingenious poet," wrote what he called a "simple pamflet" which converted the Latin of the *Gesta Romanorum* into Elizabethan prose. Twine's "pamflet," *The Patterne of Painefull Adventures,* entered in the Stationers' Register in 1576, exists in two editions, the earlier undated, the second a reprint in 1607, a date which may have some bearing on that of the play.

The first reference to the play is found in an entry in the Stationers' Register, May 10, 1608, "a booke called the booke of Pericles prynce of Tyre" for Edward Blount. It is worth noting that on the same day Blount also entered "a booke called Anthony and Cleopatra." In both cases the phrase "a booke called" points to Blount's claim to be registering the prompt-book, or a transcript thereof, of a play. In neither case does he name Shakespeare as the author of these

plays. There can be little doubt that the "Anthony and Cleopatra" entered by Blount was Shakespeare's; that the "Pericles" was remains a doubtful matter.

Before proceeding it may be worth while here to call attention to the changed name of the hero. For centuries in all the versions of the tale he had been known as Apollonius. In the play entered by Blount he appears for the first time as Pericles. No reason for this change is known; it is just possible that the author of Blount's play found Apollonius a rather difficult form to fit into Elizabethan verse and therefore re-baptized his hero with a variant spelling of Pyrocles, one of the characters in Sidney's popular romance *Arcadia.* This, moreover, is not the only change of name in the play. The hero's daughter, Thaise in Gower, Tharsia in Twine, becomes Marina; her original name is transferred in the play to her mother, Thaisa, who goes without a name in Gower and is called Lucina by Twine. Leonine, the servant bribed to kill Marina is Theophilus in Gower and Twine, a most improper name for a would-be murderer. Other difficult Greek names have been changed to simpler and more euphonius forms: Strangalio of Tarsus becomes Cleon; Athenogoras of Mitylene, Lysimachus. The playwright responsible for these and other changes was, it would seem, a good classical scholar, a fact which may argue against the original authorship of Wilkins.

Pericles, a dramatization in characteristic Elizabethan fashion of a chronicle play, adorned by dumb-show and spectacle, of a popular legend, was as we shall see, a most successful stageplay. And the success seems to have tempted George Wilkins, a very minor playwright and pamphleteer, to attempt a quite unprecedented feat in Elizabethan literature, to "novelize," if the word may be permitted, a play then upon the stage. Something of the sort, to be sure, was also attempted in the case of the very successful *Hamlet,* but the nameless author of "The Hystorie of Hamblet," 1608, is not writing a prose version of the play, but is translating, and botching in the process, Belleforest's version of Saxo's original with the purpose, presumably, of giving the reader a longer and more authentic version of the Hamlet story. The title-page of the Wilkins novel, "The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre," 1608, at once borrows a phrase from Twine's "pamflet" and calls his work "the true history of the play of Pericles as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet John Gower." Furthermore in the "argument" i.e. synopsis, which Wilkins prefixes to his narrative, he begs the reader

"to receive this Historie in the same manner as it was under the habite [costume] of ancient Gower the famous English Poet by the Kings Maiesties Players [Shakespeare's Company] excellently presented." These statements, taken at their face value, certainly affirm the priority of the play.

It is this priority which Monroe undertakes to reverse. He begins by italicizing the word *true* on the title-page, goes on to suggest that Wilkins "wrote his novel under a sens of grievance," and advances a final hypothesis that Wilkins first wrote his novel and then submitted a play on the same theme to the King's Men. They "handed it over to a better playwright for revision"—whereupon Wilkins produced his novel as the *true* history by way, apparently, of protest against the changes that had been made in the process of revision. This is not a theory that commends itself to students of Elizabethan literature. The idea that a hack like Wilkins should first write a prose version of the old legend, tuck it away in his desk, turn off a play on the theme, and then "under a sense of grievance," offer his novel for publication, flies in the face of what we know of the hand to mouth practice of Elizabethan hack writers. But there is stronger evidence than this against Monroe's hypothesis.

If, indeed, Wilkins wrote his novel before he (or another) wrote the play, he must have drawn his material from some easily accessible source. The nearest would be Twine's "pamflet" reprinted in 1607, but while his dependence of Twine is certain—he often transcribes whole passages verbatim—it is remarkable that whenever the action of the play departs, as it sometimes does, from the narrative of Twine, Wilkins follows the action of the play, not that of the prose narrative. Attention has already been called to the thorough-going change of nomenclature of the characters in the play. Here too the novel adheres to the play and departs alike from Twine and from received tradition. All this might be explained if Wilkins really wrote the play, and Monroe, basing his belief on the investigation of H. D. Sykes by whom "the rest of the rest of the evidence has been well set forth," assumes that he did so. But the weakness of Sykes's "evidence" has been well exposed by Chambers (*William Shakespeare,* I, p. 523), based, as much of Sykes' work is, on the shifting sand of parallel passages.

As a matter of fact the name of Wilkins would in all probability never have been mentioned in connection with *Pericles,* but for the fact that he was the author of the novel. A far better *a priori* claim

could be advanced for Heywood, as indeed was done long since by D. L. Thomas (*Englishche Studien,* vol. 39) and later with more convincing detail by H. D. Gray (P.M.L.A. vol. 40). Heywood's classical scholarship would explain the change of nomenclature in the play, and his free handling of classical myth in many of his plays would account for the deviations of the play from the received version of the legend. If it be objected that Heywood was not writing for the King's Men a reply may be made in his own words, viz. that many of his plays were printed without his knowledge "by shifting and change of companies." It is by no means impossible that an *Ur-Pericles* by Heywood was so successful at the Red Bull that the King's Men secured the "book of the play" and handed it to Shakespeare for revision and production at the Globe.

To return to the Wilkins novel. It is a curious and amusing specimen of Elizabethan hack work done in haste to catch the tide of popularity. It is a composition in the true sense of the word, a mosaic drawn from two sources. One of these was, as has been said, Twine's narrative; the other evidently the play in its revised form. Wilkins, we know, had written in 1607, a play, *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage,* for the King's Men, and his connection with the players possibly permitted him a sight of their precious prompt-book. If that were withheld from him, he must have attended so many performances of *Pericles* that his head was full of its diction and rhythm. Verse passages of the play appear with slight or no change in the prose of the novel. Monroe appears to think that here we have the usual case of Shakespeare's turning of his source into poetry, but there is one example cited by Chambers (p. 525) where Wilkins plainly misunderstands and makes nonsense of the original: the "diamonds" which "make the world twice rich" (III, ii, 102-3) become in the novel "those now againe priceless diamonds"; surely, as Chambers says, "a clumsy rendering" of Shakespeare's verse. On the other hand the novel has preserved for us a genuine Shakespearean phrase which is not found in the badly reported text of the play; Pericles in the novel addresses the new born babe, Marina, as "poor inch of nature," a true Shakespearean phrase which might well be restored to the text (III, i, 30-7).

So long as the successful play of *Pericles* was withheld from publication there might well be a market for a prose version in a fresher and shorter form than Twine's long-winded narrative. This was probably the view of Wilkins' publisher, Nathaniel Butter, an enterpris-

ing book-seller who only the year before had contrived to secure the printing right of Shakespeare's *King Lear,* and who later was to become the father of English journalism. His edition of the novel was well calculated to catch a prospective buyer's eye; it is a charming little volume, printed for the most part in the old-fashioned black-letter type with a wood-cut on the title-page of Gower in the costume presumably, of the actor who played that part. It is with a certain feeling of regret that one reads Butter's brief obituary, many years later, which records that this ingenious publisher outlived the Elizabethans and died in 1664 "an old stationer, very poor."

Whatever hopes Butter may have had of selling repeated editions of the novel must have been sadly disappointed. In the very next year, 1609, there appeared a text of the play itself, which naturally put the prose version out of business. Henry Gosson, a young book-seller who had recently begun to publish cheap and popular books, brought out a quarto edition of *Pericles* with a spread of type upon the title-page which in those days served the same purpose as the dust-jacket with its "blurb" does today. Gosson advertises his book as follows: "The Late, and much admired Play, Called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole Historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, The no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his daughter Mariana [sic]. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Servants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. —to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Paternoster Row." That should have made Gosson's venture a best-seller; especially as no new play by Shakespeare, except Butter's vilely printed *Lear,* had come on the market since the *Hamlet* quarto of 1604.

Gosson, of course, had no right to print a play which Blount had registered as his property; he did not himself register it, but took a chance and got away with it; two editions of the play were called for in the first year; another appeared in 1611, a fourth in 1619, and two more in 1630 and 1635 when it became apparent to lovers of Shakespeare that this "much admired" play was not included in either of the Folios of 1623 and 1632. We may note in passing that Gosson's name appears only on the 1609 editions. He may have sold what rights he had, or, quite as likely, his claim to *Pericles* was disregarded as he had disregarded Blount's.

It is quite certain that Gosson did not apply to the King's Men for permission to print *Pericles.* As a matter of fact they were at this

time straining every effort to keep their popular playwright's work from coming on the market. No one knows how Blount secured the right to publish *Lear* in 1608, unless he had a strong pull with Sir George Buck, Deputy Master of the Revels at that time, who formally licensed its publication. The "copy" that Gosson sent to White to be printed must have been obtained by sending a note-taker to the Globe to bring back a report in shorthand or by memory. As might be expected from such a method the text of *Pericles* is very bad indeed; verse is printed as prose, prose as verse, errors and misprints abound, and there are evident signs of omissions. None the less it was the only text to be had and, there was a strong demand for it; only two other Shakespearean plays, *Richard III,* and *I Henry IV,* were so eagerly sought for by Elizabethan book-buyers.

Pericles was not included in the First Folio. The reason for its exclusion is not apparent; the King's Men had a prompt-book which they could have sent to the printer in 1623 for as late as May 20, 1619, they had played *Pericles* at Court. Heminges and Condell could hardly have decided to debar it because of the presence of non-Shakespearean matter in the text, for they did include *Henry VIII,* a considerable part of which is by Fletcher, their playwright in chief in 1623, and *Macbeth,* which they knew to have been tampered with by Middleton while writing for them. Apparently they placed *Pericles* in another category; decided, in fact, that it was not a Shakespearean play at all. Possibly their judgment was influenced by the prejudice of Ben Jonson, for of all Elizabethan plays *Pericles* seems to have been the object of Jonson's very special aversion. In the *Ode to Himself,* written after the failure of his *The New Inn,* 1629, he vows to leave the stage where "some mouldy tale like *Pericles*" is received with applause. It is hard to believe that Jonson would have spoken so scornfully of this play had he believed it to be essentially the work of his friend, Shakespeare, the poet he had praised as the peer "of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth." In 1622 when the material for the First Folio was being assembled, Jonson was at the very height of his reputation and influence. He had ceased to write for the stage about 1616, when the King's Men produced his *The Devil is an Ass,* but he still retained relations with that company. He certainly assisted Heminges and Condell in the publication of the Folio, for he contributed the verses printed opposite the portrait of Shakespeare in that volume as well as the long poem: "To the memory of my beloved author," in which there occurs the praise of

Shakespeare as the peer of all classic dramatists. Moreover there is reason to believe that he either wrote or revised the address "to the great variety of readers" signed by Heminges and Condell which follows their "epistle dedicatory" to the Pembroke brothers. Jonson's claim to this address, advanced long since by Stevens, has lately been approved by Chambers (*William Shakespeare,* I, 142). In these circumstances Jonson's opinion must have carried very considerable weight with the player editors, and his contempt of the faulty construction, the jigging choruses, and the antiquated dumb-shows, may well have vetoed the admission of *Pericles* into the Folio.

The Second Folio, a reprint of the First, also excluded *Pericles,* but after the Restoration there was a change of attitude towards the play. It was revived upon the stage, and the great Restoration actor, Betterton, was "highly applauded" for his impersonation of the hero. In an attempt to complete the collection of Shakespeare's plays the editors of the Third Folio, 1664, added to the second impression of that volume, *Pericles Prince of Tyre,* and six other plays, "never before printed in folio," all of which had been ascribed to Shakespeare, or at least to W.S. during the poet's lifetime. The Fourth Folio reprinted *Pericles* along with the other six, now universally discarded as apocryphal, and Rowe, Shakespeare's first real editor, who based his work on this folio, also included them.[1] Pope, however, rejected all seven from his edition, 1725, and his example was followed by later editors until 1790 when Malone restored *Pericles* to his edition of Shakespeare. Since that date the play has appeared in practically all editions, usually prefaced by an introduction in which the editor wrangles over the extent of Shakespeare's share in the play.

It is interesting to note that as late as 1874 Furnivall, the great English scholar, told Tennyson that he had never read *Pericles,* but that he had been told by good judges that it was doubtful whether Shakespeare had any part in it. "Oh, no! that won't do," replied the poet, "he wrote all the part relating to the birth and recovery of Marina and the recovery of Thaisa. I settled that long ago. Come upstairs and I'll read it to you." Tennyson's reading began with the speech of Pericles: "Thou god of this great vast" (III, i) and continued till the end of the play, omitting the brothel scenes of the fourth act. This quite subjective division of the play by a poet-lover of Shakespeare corresponds rather closely to the results of later scholarship.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss in detail Shakespeare's share in *Pericles,* but it may be well to sum up here what seems to be the best conclusion as to the origin and various states of the play. Some time before Blount's entry in 1607 a play called *Pericles Prince of Tyre* had appeared on the London stage with such success that Blount secured a copy, "the book of the play," from the actors and announced his purpose of printing it. There is nothing to show definitely that this was the play in its present form; its connection in the entry with *Antony and Cleopatra* may be a mere accident. It may quite possibly have been the *Ur-Pericles* by Heywood or another, a dramatization, probably of Twine's narrative. If so, it would be natural for Blount, a publisher of the fine literary taste, shown in his epistles prefixed to his editions of *Hero and Leander* and of Lyly's *Six Court Comedies,* to have refrained from publishing his "copy" after the new *Pericles,* revised by Shakespeare, had appeared at the Globe. He would have realized that to sell an impression of the old play would have been little less than a fraud on the buyer. This might explain also his failure to take action against Gosson.

Between Blount's entry in May 1607 and 1608 the King's Men had secured the prompt-book of the old play and handed it to Shakespeare for revision. Nothing can be more certain than that there are two hands in the play as we have it and that one of them is Shakespeare's. But Shakespeare here is playing the part of a reviser not a collaborator. He must indeed have been a rather reluctant reviser for the dull prosaic verse, the narrative-dramatic technique, and the dumb-shows would have been altogether repugnant to his critical taste. We may imagine him looking over the manuscript submitted to him with a certain contempt, combined indeed with a weary willingness to oblige his fellow-actors by furbishing up a catch-penny for them at the Globe. It was not until he came to the storm, the "terrible child-bed," and the hero's loss of wife and infant daughter that his interest was aroused. From the very point where Tennyson began to read to Furnivall the voice of Shakespeare can be heard intermittently, sometimes full and clear, often distorted by bad reporting, to the very end of the play.

Wilkins and Butter, it appears, took advantage of the success of the revised play, along with the unwillingness of the King's Men to permit its publication, to push the novel on the market in 1608.

No one but a very special student of Shakespeare is likely to read it today, but it will repay a glance in the reprint by T. Mommsen, 1857. Allusion has already been made to a Shakespearean phrase, "poor inch of nature" preserved in the novel, but there are other cases where the prose of Wilkins seems to echo the badly reported Shakespearean verse. In the interview between Marina and Lysimachus (IV, vi) for instance, the novel puts into the heroine's mouth a long and passionate speech in defence of her chastity, whereas in the play we have but a few lines in verse so rough and broken as to suggest heavy cutting or bad reporting, or, quite possibly, both. One would suppose Shakespeare to have done his best for his heroine at this critical point in her career.

The appearance of Gosson's reported edition of *Pericles* in 1609 satisfied as best it could the desire of Shakespeare's readers in his day. Indeed it has done so ever since, for all modern editions are of necessity based on the early quartos. If it really was Jonson's verdict that barred *Pericles* from the First Folio we of today may well regret his prejudice. It is highly probable that the prompt-book which served the King's Men for the performance at Court in 1619 and for another performance at the Globe as late as 1631, contained a fuller and clearer text than the things of rags and patches which has come down to us to puzzle and distract the modern editor. No one can realize how bad the original text is who has not taken the trouble to tackle it in a re-print of the quartos, where passages of lovely Shakespearean poetry and strong dramatic scenes stand strongly out against prosaic diction and confused action.

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[1] EDITOR'S NOTE: C. Alphonso Smith ("The Chief Difference Between the First and Second Folios of Shakespeare," *Englische Studien,* XXX, 1902, 1-20) shows F_2 is more than a reprint of F_1, textual changes having been made by an unknown editor,—the thesis fully substantiated by Matthew Black and Matthías Shaaber (*Shakespeare's Seventeenth-Century Editors, 1632-1685,* New York, 1937, pp. 1-242).

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW

By Ephraim B. Everitt

ALONG the broad margins of Shakespeare's poetry is ample space for a multitude of admirers. Yet the serenity is continually disturbed by zealots who want exclusive occupation, and by scholars, whose intellectual activity is commonly measured by its overt manifestations.

Despite the partisan studies of the last sixty years,[1] Shakespeare cannot be made a Biblical scholar, a theologian, a preacher, or even a lay exponent of any sectarian view. He read the Bible and heard it glozed, but he also read for pleasure and garnered for profit history, fiction, essays, and poetry in Latin, French, Italian, and probably Spanish, besides his own tongue. He wrote for an immediate audience that included the erudite and the untutored: the cultured, the aspiring, and the indifferent. He was intermittently Anglican, Catholic, Puritan, mystic, sceptic, and pagan—but obtrusively so, never. Impersonal, unruffled, copious, the current of his dramatic genius had the way of a stream that meanders, turns mills, irrigates lowlands, and finally pours into the sea.

Hence it is a kind of impertinency to draw from context even the most gnomic of his verses. The patterns and reflections of his ideas changed in every play. Reading him should elicit not philosophies, but philosophy; not creeds, but religion; not opiniation, but comprehension. We enter with diffidence the numerous dissertations upon Shakespeare's religious predilections. Biographically, we know that he was baptised in an Anglican church, was married in another; that voluntarily or by firm encouragement of the government he attended Anglican services more or less regularly; that he acquired with New Place the supplementary privilege of a pew in the Chapel; and that he was buried in Stratford Church in 1616. He labored and prospered during the three most continually agitated decades of English religious history, with some very jealous rivals in the first period, and yet left not one jot of evidence of difficulties arising out of religious heterodoxy. He lived either a chameleon or somewhere

near the center of religious practice. The most intense efforts have been unable to link him successfully with continuing traits of either Catholic or Puritan.

The last and most thorough-going of these attempts is John Henry de Groot's *The Shakespeares and "The Old Faith."*[2] He has summarized exhaustively but with obvious prejudice the circumstances of John Shakespeare's civic and business career. The implications of his activity in "defasyng ymages in the Chapel" and "taking down rood loft in the Chapel" and apparently remodeling the building for Puritan concepts of propriety, the author slights. The concomitance of John's periods of prosperity with those times when Puritans were tolerated and Catholics oppressed, and of his disappearance from civic activity when Puritans were being persecuted, he minimizes. The Reverend T. Carter in his *Shakespeare: Puritan and Recusant* was no less biassed in explaining the same facts, but one feels that in these matters where the facts are too indefinite to prove either case finally, Carter's thesis requires the less credulity.

The full and dangerous extent of Mr. de Groot's prejudice becomes evident in the second chapter, when he revives the old hoax of a *Spiritual Last Will and Testament* of John Shakespeare, perpetrated in the 1780's and printed by Malone in his "Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage" as a part of his 1790 edition of Shakespeare. Malone investigated the provenance of the manuscript and studied it attentively; he came to the firm conclusion that it was not the composition of any one of the poet's family. The discovery of the manuscript by a bricklayer under the tile of the Henry Street house sounds implausible: the subscription specifically provides for its burial with the testator; Malone noted at first that this might have been a copy of the original; hence it loses the verification that even a forged signature would have given it—or did Malone overlook the matter? The spelling, capitalization, and punctuation are so uncharacteristic of 1600 that one can only stare at the attribution.

Now Mr. de Groot resuscitates this *Spiritual Last Will* because Thurston[3] found in the British Museum in 1923 a Spanish version of the same formulary testament. That and other versions remove the impediments to understanding the text; to its connection with John Shakespeare, the father of William, they add not a tittle. The stories about the discovery of the paper were shot through with what we shall kindly call inconsistencies; the first page is conceded by its pro-

ponents to be a forgery (super-imposed upon a forgery!); the whole proof consists of trying to explain away objections to the *Testament.* One doesn't build a case, even a Shakespearean one, on rebuttal.

On this shifting sand, Chapter Three starts: "We believe that the influence of the home was Catholic . . ." The succeeding twenty pages have no single fact that can be confidently linked to Shakespeare's home life. The exposition of probable religious influences in school and church is briefer, conventional, and a summary of what is generally believed.

It is in the next and last chapter that Mr. de Groot steps into deep trouble. Only four short passages in the whole of Shakespeare's works yield any possible reference to the Rheims (Catholic) New Testament. Three of these are so tenuous that he discounts them himself. The fourth is an allusion to Matt. 7:13, which in the Protestant Bibles ran:

> "Enter yee in at the straite gate, for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which goe in thereat."

In the Rheims version this became

> " . . . . . narrow gate: because brode is . . . . . ." etc.

The Shakespeare parallel in *All's Well that Ends Well,* IV, v, 54-9, is

> "I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter. Some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire."

Now it happens that this is the phrasing, arrangement, and idea in *Tarleton's News out of Purgatory* (c. 1590), one of the most critical antiCatholic pamphlets that came out of the fierce Armada days, and a book that Shakespeare knew well.

The further thesis that Shakespeare knew much about the details of Catholicism is well developed and, we suppose, entirely valid. But what is intended to be the clenching argument of the whole work revolves unfortunately about the rewriting of the older *Trouble-*

some Raigne of King John (published by Sampson Clarke in 1591). Dr. Lily B. Campbell, in *Shakespeare's Histories,* [4] finds that "*King John* is, indeed, so like *The Troublesome Raigne* that for our purposes it seems unnecessary to discuss the plays separately." E. M. Tillyard arrives at substantially the same conclusion in *Shakespeare's History Plays.*[5]

But the old notion still lingers that Shakespeare modified the antiCatholicism of the earlier chronicle play. Mr. de Groot makes it the climax of his proof. By extensive and numerous quotations in parallel, he is more successful in showing that *King John* is better poetry than that it is neutral or proCatholic. Contrary to his assertion, John's title to the throne is no better in the first than in the later play, nor is he less traitorous. His deeds are identical and his motives the same. Cardinal Pandulph is treated with less dramatic naivete in *King John,* but his conniving between Philip and John, and his humiliation of the English king cannot be made palatable by any line of reasoning, and in the 1590's would have produced only contempt and indignation. King John is no hero, but Pandulph is certainly the villain of the piece.

To argue that the revision, in changing John's command from blinding Prince Arthur, as in the *Troublesome Raigne,* to enjoining his death, as in *King John,* degrades further the English ruler, is to be wholly oblivious to the dramatic effect of the gruesome blinding scene. Quick death has no such stigma as the torture of blinding.

Neither can any substantial proof of lessened religious antagonism be drawn from the omission of the buffoonery in the *Troublesome Raigne* with which the cloisters are invaded by the Bastard. In revising the play, Shakespeare was faced by the necessity of dropping scenes, and this piece of slapstick was the least literary in the whole drama. Similarly, to argue a more conciliatory attitude on the author's part because the king appears on the stage after he has been poisoned, rather than in the process of the murder, is moral obtuseness. And by removing from the play the pillaging scene in the priory, Shakespeare has deigned to provide the monk with even less moral justification for royal homicide. Queen Elizabeth's subjects knew only too well the hazard their own ruler ran daily.

The case does not stand at any point. It cannot be made persuasive with the most impartial presentation; his is not that. Mr. de

Groot has been ensnared in his own toils, for *The Troublesome Raigne* is an early work of William Shakespeare himself, as I hope shortly to explain and demonstrate.

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[3] Thurston, Herbert. "A Controverted Shakespeare Document." *The Dublin Review,* CLXXIII (1923) 161-76.

[4] San Marino. Huntington Library Publication. 1947.

[5] New York. Macmillan. 1946. p. 216.

VERTICAL PATTERNS IN *RICHARD II*

By Paul A. Jorgensen

THE elaborate interplay of theme and image in *Richard II,* a play of single, unstudied vision, makes this work of unusual interest to students curious as to the youthful poet's intuitive workmanship. The fabric of *Richard II* has been found to consist of subtly repeated images: the sun, the earth, blood, gardens, jewels, tongues, and crowns.

Closely related as these pictorial images are, there is, I believe, a type of animated image yet more influential and more trustworthy as to the poet's fundamental thematic designs. Vertical motions of various sorts pervade the play; and these, continually shifting, nevertheless suggest in their flux certain patterns relevant to important characters in the drama. What is more, these almost incessant motions—now upward, now downward—have a compelling kinesthetic effect upon the reader or audience.

The beginning of the drama finds Bolingbroke and Mowbray accusing each other before King Richard. As befits their youthful overstrain, each expresses his ardor in terms of a *heaven-earth* antithesis. Bolingbroke, for example, swears by heaven and then affirms that his "body shall make good upon this earth" or his soul will "answer it in heaven" (I.i.30). One might easily overlook this conventional sort of language, and the affected stance which it demands, were it not for the way in which the play elaborates upon the *heaven-earth* pattern, giving it final, appropriate meaning at the moment of Richard's death.

Again, in the opening scene, one might normally ignore repeated references to Bolingbroke's "high blood's royalty," for the expression is figurative and trite. But the dramatist does not mean

for us to ignore them. With the quick change of emphasis characteristic of Shakespeare's best poetry, "high" takes on a physical, spatial significance. Bolingbroke throws *down* his gage, challenging Mowbray:

> If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
> As to take *up* mine honour's pawn, then *stoop* . . . . (I.i.73)

There ensue some hundred lines depicting an animated tableau, with both challenger and accused moving, bodily or in idea, up and down. Mowbray takes *up* the gage, accepting the challenge to "knightly trial":

> And when I *mount,* alive may I not *light*
> If I be traitor or unjustly fight. (I.i.82)

At the King's request, Bolingbroke explains his charge of treason against Mowbray, and so spirited are his words that Richard—only half-conscious of the irony—remarks: "How high a pitch his resolution soars!" (I.i.109). The ironic note is intensified as the King assures Mowbray of the "unstooping firmness" of his own "upright soul" (I.i.121), for Richard is soon to usurp Lancaster's property and is ultimately to stoop in spirit before the man whom he has wronged.

The scene of loud challenges continues as Mowbray gives the lie to his accuser "as *low* as to thy heart . . . . Now swallow *down* that lie!" (I.i.124). And the rebuke persists in its downward movement, in abasement of proud Bolingbroke, as Mowbray *hurls down* his gage "upon this overweening traitor's foot" (I.i.146). When the King and Gaunt seek to prevent the combat, their words of reproof point downward. "Throw *down,* my son," urges old Gaunt, "the Duke of Norfolk's gage."

> *King.* And, Norfolk, throw *down* his . . . .
> Norfolk, throw *down,* we bid. There is no boot.
> *Mowbray.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
> (I.i.161)

Unable to prevail upon Mowbray, Richard turns to the accuser: "Cousin, throw *up* your gage. Do you begin." But Bolingbroke, sen-

sitive as to his *height* (a symbol reaffirming his "high blood's royalty") also refuses:

> O, God defend my soul from such *deep* sin!
> Shall I seem *crestfallen* in my father's sight?
> Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my *height*
> Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
> Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong
> Or sound so *base* a parle, my teeth shall tear
> The slavish motive of recanting fear
> And spit it bleeding in his *high* disgrace,
> Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face. (I.i.186)

This opening scene is as expressive as a ballet in its representation of vertical movement and stress. Pose, gesture are its main characteristics; but stylized though it is, the episode prepares us for the more significant animated tableaux which are to follow.

After this introductory scene devoted to the rises and falls, the dares and denunciations of hot-blooded youth, Shakespeare skilfully provides a contrast in tempo by presenting the slow, anguished posturing of two old people, Gaunt and the Duchess of Gloucester. Forceful "exclaims" by the Duchess cannot spur Gaunt to "lift an angry arm" against Gloucester's murderers. Like his son Bolingbroke, he looks heavenward, but not in the fervor of intended action. "Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven," he hopelessly suggests,

> Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
> Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads. (I.ii.6)

The Duchess sees the death of her husband in a more violent image of descent: as "precious liquor spilt," as a tree "hack'd down" (I.ii.19). And rising to a futile posturing of anger, she pictures the sins of Mowbray, as he combats her cousin Bolingbroke, lying so heavy in his bosom

> That they may break his foaming courser's back
> And throw the rider headlong in the lists. (I.ii.51)

The idea of prevailing by mere weight is peculiarly suited to an aged person for whom gravity is a respectable antagonist. So, too,

it is appropriate that, her hope suddenly drained from her, she should remark:

> Grief boundeth where it falls,
> Not with the empty hollowness, but weight. (I.ii.58)

For both the Duchess and Gaunt, life is now a falling with little hope of rebound; and later, when Richard comments upon Gaunt's death, he uses the image best suited to describe a final descent: "The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he" (II.i.153).

From this scene of painful, futile movement, we turn back once more to the "sprightful" combatants, armed now for the trial at Coventry. But the mock combat scene, with all its flourish, is notable less for the struts and frets of the youthful antagonists than for the conflict which is foreboded between Bolingbroke and the King. Emphasis is now placed upon the rise of Bolingbroke; and two symbols, both implying vertical movement or stance, are to be constantly employed in this emphasis. The first of these is Bolingbroke's knee. The challenger asks that he be allowed to

> kiss my sovereign's hand
> And bow my knee before his Majesty. (I.iii.46)

The suppliant knee is an inverse but apt symbol for the politic aspirant's climb. Richard, never one to miss a cue for ritual, descends to embrace his nephew: "We will descend and fold him in our arms" (I.iii.54). Insincere as these gestures are, they are to take on a painful sincerity for the King in the mighty ceremony which this episode ironically prefigures—that in which the vanquished Richard descends into the "base court" to receive his vanquisher.

The second symbol now to be fully utilized is the more obvious one, that of Bolingbroke soaring or reaching high into the air. This challenger presents himself for the combat

> As confident as is the falcon's flight
> Against a bird. (I.iii.61)

Gaunt's youthful spirit, within him "regenerate" as he says,

> Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
> To reach at victory above my head. (I.iii.71)

And he pictures himself "strong as a tower in hope" (I.iii.102). These expressions of soaring, stretching aspiration, following immediately upon the King's descent to embrace his cousin, prefigure, well before it occurs, Bolingbroke's return "with uplifted arms" to England.

Crossing but not barring the ascent of the challenger's "eagle-winged pride" and "sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts," comes the King's summary earthward gesture as he throws "his warder down" (I.iii.118). This simple motion, halting the empty ceremony of the combat, has solid repercussions for Richard. In *2 Henry IV* there is described the prolongation of this mechanical act in its human consequences; not merely the warder was thrown down:

> O, when the King did throw his warder down,
> His own life hung upon the staff he threw.
> Then threw he down himself, and all their lives
> That by indictment and by dint of sword
> Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke. (IV.i.125)

The scene following Bolingbroke's banishment finds Richard bitterly impressed by his cousin's elevation of spirit. "How far," he asks Aumerle, "brought you high Hereford on his way?" (I.iv.2). Aumerle's answer sharpens this conception of the banished man by means of a pun:

> I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
> But to the next high way, and there I left him. (I.iv.3)

But Richard is also conscious of the other side of Bolingbroke's aspiring nature, his self-abasement. He had observed, he tells Aumerle, his kinsman's "courtship to the common people";

> How he did seem to dive into their hearts
> With humble and familiar courtesy. (I.iv.24)

And Richard had also seen how "a brace of draymen" received "the tribute of his supple knee" (I.iv.32).

The King may ridicule the facile movements, up and down, of his rival; but he himself, by his weakness and by his reckless, selfish appropriation of the Duke's property, is now viewed as moving precariously on a vertical plane. To Northumberland, the King is bring-

ing shame upon "this declining land" (II.i.240). "Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him," he continues (II.i.258). Finally, the Earl relates the measures being taken to "make high majesty look like itself" (II.i.295). Though, as we shall see, Richard's imagination becomes equal to his misfortunes, his real stature now shrinks apace.

A major tactical error is leaving the regency of England to York while Richard departs with his army to subdue the Irish. York, like his brother Gaunt, is old; like him, too, he is by now reconciled to the supine philosophy that "Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth" (II.ii.77). When, therefore, he encounters Bolingbroke, self-repealed from banishment, he can offer only half-hearted rebuke. "Show me thy humble heart," he chides his nephew,

> and not thy knee,
> Which is deceivable and false. (II.iii.83)

Like Richard, he is aware of his kinsman's actual height of spirit, and takes, as would the King, a kind of verbal pleasure in high-sounding threats to rebuke this haughtiness. "I would attach you all and make you stoop," he declaims (II.iii.156), but he is powerless to do anything except to "remain as neuter."

Although up to this point Shakespeare's representation of vertical movement has not seemed consistently deliberate, a significant pattern has become noticeable in the depiction of Bolingbroke. Upon the King's return from Ireland, we become conscious that for Richard, too, vertical movements of various sorts are indicative of habitual behavior. He has just landed in England after a "tossing on the breaking seas" (III.ii.3). The physical torment and indignity of this jouncing forebodes, in a grimly comic manner, the ups and downs of the spirit which he is presently to experience. His first act is to kneel and salute the "dear earth" of his own country, a symbol upon which the ensuing scenes persistently elaborate. Affection for this land makes him confident that rebellion cannot prevail upon it. In a favorite conceit, he pictures himself as the sun, now rising after the night when the rebels prospered (III.ii.50). Although, in this famous speech, he thinks of Bolingbroke attempting "to lift shrewd steel" against his crown, he comforts himself that "weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right." He proceeds then, unfortunately, to illustrate how a weak man may fall, for upon news that

the Welshmen have forsaken him, he abandons hope, urging all to leave his side. But his mercurial temperament may as easily go up as down; and when Aumerle adjures him to remember who he is, he promptly strikes the brave pose that he had assumed at the beginning of the scene. This time, however, the earth is not for him the symbol of a cherished kingdom; it represents abasement:

> Arm, arm, my name! A puny subject strikes
> At thy great glory. Look not to the *ground,*
> Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high?
> High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York
> Hath power to serve our turn. But who comes here? (III.ii.86)

Who indeed but Scroop, messenger of further ill news, such as will turn Richard's vision back to the ground again; for

> high above his limits swells the rage
> Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
> With hard bright steel . . . . (III.ii.109)

It is now Bolingbroke who is high, and Richard low—in character as well as mood, for he unjustly suspects his favorites of treason. "Sweet love," observes, Scroop, "turns to the sourest and most deadly hate" (III.ii.135), a proverbial expression which finds unusual aptness in Richard's intemperate disposition. But his thoughts swiftly pass from his old favorites back to a morbid scrutiny of the earth—this upon Scroop's announcement that Bushy, Green, and the rest have made their peace with Bolingbroke in that they now "lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground" (III.ii.140). "Let's talk of graves," invites the King as he embarks upon a long soliloquy,

> of worms, and epitaphs,
> Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
> Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
> Let's choose executors and talk of wills.
> And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
> Save our deposed bodies to the ground? (III.ii.145)

"For God's sake," he continues, "let us sit upon the ground/ And tell sad stories of the death of kings!" (III.ii.155). So once more he is on the ground, as he was at the beginning of the scene when he kissed the earth, but now the earth is one of graves, of worms, of

epitaphs. He does not, however, sit long, for Carlisle pricks him with the reminder that "wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes." "Thou chid'st me well," Richard exclaims, getting once more to his feet:

> Proud Bolingbroke, I come
> To change blows with thee for our day of doom. (III.ii.188)

Unluckily, however, Scroop "hath but a heavier tale to say": York is now joined with Bolingbroke. It is with cause that Richard now testily threatens:

> By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
> That bids me be of comfort any more. (III.ii.207)

It is "high Hereford" whom we see next. Disregarding York's characteristic warning that "the heavens are over our heads" (III.iii.17), he has come not only to regain his patrimony but "to reach at victory above [his] head." Stooping and kneeling become, however, the dominant symbols of his ascent to the crown. He may have previously sentenced Richard's favorites to death for making him "stoop" (III.i.19), but in the presence of Richard and the high nobility he protests that his "stooping duty tenderly shall show" how far bloody conquest is from his thoughts (III.iii.48). With a meekness almost melodramatically sinister, he tells Northumberland how gentle will be his corrective ministration to King Richard:

> Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
> The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
> My waters—on the earth, and not on him. (III.iii.58)

(One recalls, of course, the significance of the earth in Richard's fancy.) Northumberland, the Duke's embassy to the King, performs his mission well, assuring Richard as he does:

> His coming hither hath no further scope
> Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
> Enfranchisement immediate *on his knees.* (III.iii.112)

In his reception of Bolingbroke's message, Richard shows that his mind is still brooding upon the ground. He welcomes the poetic felicity of changing his "large kingdom for a little grave,"

> A little little grave, an obscure grave;
> Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
> Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
> May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
> For on my heart they tread now whilst I live. (III.iii.153)

Elaborating upon this vertical pattern of martyrdom, he pictures "some pretty match with shedding tears,"

> As thus—to drop them still upon one place
> Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
> Within the earth . . . . (III.iii.165)

a picture resembling Bolingbroke's equally bizarre notion of raining on the earth. But he is roused by Northumberland's announcement that Bolingbroke awaits him in the "base court"—roused, however, only to further dramatization of his spiritual descent. Hearkening solely to the verbal themes of Northumberland's message—"base court" and the further request, "may it please you to *come down*"—he adds to these suggestions two of his favorite preoccupations, sun and earth: now he is to be Phaeton, hurtling downward to inflame the earth upon which he was wont to brood:

> *Down, down* I come, like glist'ring Phaeton,
> Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
> In the *base* court? *Come down? Down* court! *down* king!
> For night owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.
> (III.iii.178)

Bolingbroke thus becomes, as the result of Richard's descent, the lark, representing the sun and daytime. The last line of the speech effectively echoes the King's earlier "From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day" (III.ii.218).

But the Bolingbroke of reality is still ostentatiously humble, and as he enters the scene "he kneels down." The King, more alert to symbol than to substance, savors the irony of the act, and his comment plays upon the two dominant themes of Bolingbroke's knee and the earth, united here into an important vertical pattern:

> Fair cousin, you debase your princely *knee*
> To make the base *earth* proud with kissing it.
> Me rather had my heart might feel your love
> Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
> *Up,* cousin, *up!* Your head is *up,* I know,
> Thus high at least [*touches his own head*], although your *knee*
> be low.
>
> (III.iii.190)

The strident *up's* of this speech contrast impressively, as Richard must have wished, with the heavy *down's* of the preceding one. Richard, in fact, henceforth sees the relationship between the Duke and himself in a see-sawing pattern; and although this childish sport is not used as an image, it might have seemed appropriate to the King in its playful representation of tragic mutability.

Between this scene and that of Richard's deposition, there occurs the interlude of the gardener and his man talking of state. The gardener, like his betters, sees the decline of the government in terms of vertical patterns. But for him the earth toward which the King descends is not a funereal one of graves and epitaphs; it is the fertile origin for "too fast growing sprays"

> That look too lofty in our commonwealth.
> All must be even in our government. (III.iv.34)

Dangling apricots have made "their sire / Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight." And

> He that hath suffer'd this disordered spring
> Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf.
> The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
> That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
> Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke—
> I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green. (III.iv.48)

But in explaining Richard's deposition to the Queen, the gardener employs the metaphor of a balance, a figure better suited to depicting the see-sawing tendency of the King; for Richard at no point simply falls, as Gaunt and the Duchess had done. The fortunes of both the King and Bolingbroke, says the gardener, are weighed.

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down. (III.iv.84)

The deposition scene is structurally dependent upon this see-sawing relationship. York, telling Bolingbroke of Richard's resignation, announces: "*Ascend* his throne, *descending* now from him" (IV.i.111). Bolingbroke, no longer humble, is quick to proclaim: "In God's name I'll *ascend* the regal throne" (IV.i.113). As Richard enters the scene, he tries to visualize himself in the suppliant posture formerly characteristic of the Duke, but he wants time to study his new role:

I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs.
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. (IV.i.164)

Then he impedes the deposition ceremony—or rather makes it more ceremonious in his own abstracted manner—by pondering the curious see-sawing relationship between him and his opponent. Herein he employs the figure of Fortune's buckets:

Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown.
Here, cousin.
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water.
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs whilst you mount up on high. (IV.i.181)

In this conceit it is Bolingbroke who is up, whereas on the gardener's scale the Duke had outweighed the King. The latter is the more satisfying conception, for Richard, the lighter element, impresses the reader consistently as the "emptier ever dancing in the air." But Richard savors the bitter notion of Bolingbroke as high and himself as low. This relationship extends even to sorrow. "Your cares set *up*," he tells the Duke, "do not pluck my cares *down*" (IV.i.195).

And Bolingbroke's supporters are conveyors "that *rise* thus nimbly by a true king's *fall*" (IV.i.318).

Bolingbroke as king never achieves the regal magnificence enjoyed by Richard. Shakespeare seldom allows us to forget the role played by his knee in his ascent to the throne. No sooner, in fact, does he become king than he participates, unwillingly, in a scene dealing grotesquely with the art of genuflection. Aumerle has just arrived breathless at the palace to plead pardon for his intended treason. Throwing himself at the new king's feet, he cries:

> For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
> My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth,
> Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak. (V.iii.30)

He has no sooner achieved provisional pardon than York enters, resolved to see his guilty son executed. He, in turn, is followed by his wife, a "shrill-voic'd suppliant" come to beg for her son's life. Before leaving home, she had promised Aumerle:

> And never will I rise up from the ground
> Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. (V.ii.116)

As good as her word, she kneels before King Henry, firmly refusing his polite "Rise up, good aunt." "For ever will I walk upon my knees," she threatens, "until Aumerle is pardoned" (V.iii.93). Her son joins her on the floor: "Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee" (V.iii.97). But the tableau does not become complete until York has knelt in opposition to both wife and son: "Against them both my true joints bended be" (V.iii.98). The grotesqueness of this grouping is heightened by the awareness that he who remains standing is pre-eminently famed for his kneeling. The travesty continues as the Duchess questions her husband's sincerity in terms of genuflective endurance:

> His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
> Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow. (V.iii.105)

Henry, eager to terminate the interlude, urges her to stand up. "I do not sue to stand," she reminds him (V.iii.129); nor does she rise to her feet until he has twice given his pardon. Surely after such success she is not unduly enthusiastic in exclaiming: "O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!" (V.iii.132).

Such parody does not add dignity to the new king. Nor are we likely to remember his height, that other symbol of his aspiration, with more esteem. Final commentary upon his loftiness is made by Henry himself as he laments his share in Richard's death:

> Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe
> That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow. (V.vi.45)

Here is a far cry from the "high Hereford," young in spirit, who roused himself for a righteous cause. And it is worth noting that in *2 Henry IV* he should look back with weariness upon his former climb; he reminisces that Richard prophesied to Northumberland:

> 'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
> My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne—'

and then breaks off with a shudder of guilt:

> Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
> But that necessity so bow'd the state
> That I and greatness were compelled to kiss. (III.i.70)

The state was, to be sure, regarded as a "declining land," but it is with Bolingbroke rather than the land that we tend to associate the bowing.

There is, however, some truth in the way in which the king of *1 Henry IV* looks back upon his rival:

> The skipping King, he ambled up and down
> With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits. (III.ii.60)

Richard's capricious temperament does indeed give him scarcely more dignity, at times, than that of a skipping child. Even the imposing scene of his death reveals his inability to remain for long on one level of mood or idea. In prison he beguiles the time by playing "in one person many people":

> Sometimes am I a king:
> Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
> And so I am. Then crushing penury
> Persuades me I was better when a king;
> Then I am king'd again; and by-and-by
> Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
> And straight am nothing. (V.v.32)

The important feature of his self-dramatization, not only within his mock drama but within the entirety of Shakespeare's play, is that he is never long content with one role. In one breath he is regal; in the next, he is abject. Furthermore, there is never an intermediate stage; up and down represent the full gamut of his personality. We never see him in repose, or while undergoing subtle gradations. Probably for no Shakespearean character, not even Hamlet, would it be more difficult to define the norm of behavior.

The death scene adds still more details to the strange vertical patterns which delineate the personality of Richard. His former groom visits him in prison and brings the pathetic tale of how Bolingbroke, on coronation day, rode Richard's roan Barbary. Hearing that the horse strode so proudly under Henry "as if it disdain'd the ground," Richard reflects upon the bitterness of the event:

> So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
> That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
> This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
> Would he not stumble? would he not fall down
> (Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
> Of that proud man that did usurp his back?

But then the symbolism of the act impresses him, and Richard suddenly conceives himself to be not the owner of the horse but the horse itself—or better still, an ass—bearing proud Bolingbroke:

> Forgiveness, horse! Why do I rail on thee,
> Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
> Was born to bear? I was not made a horse;
> And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
> Spurr'd, gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke. (V.v.90)

The simile offers forceful expression—ridiculously overdone as usual—of the humiliation which the "skipping" Richard has had to bear under his rival. And it is possibly more than accident that the beginning of that humiliation—Richard's return from Ireland—was heralded by a rude "tossing on the breaking seas."

But Richard earns a measure of dignity by his regal pose in facing death. His final poetic vision of himself is not unduly fanciful:

> Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
> Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. (V.v.111)

This represents the ultimate, and surprisingly exalted expression of the see-saw theme. It also serves to give final meaning and bite to the perfunctory heaven-earth antithesis of the opening scene.

The reading that I have suggested for *Richard II* should, if worth while, yield some insight into the central concerns of the play. And whatever general conclusions one may wish to draw—I shall here deal with only two fundamental matters—derive emphasis from the fact that the vertical lines which plot the movement of the play are a good index to the unique personality of the drama as a whole; unlike the conventionally accepted leading images, these vertical patterns are not to be found appreciably in other works of Shakespeare.

Their peculiar relevance to *Richard II* is indicated by the way in which they control and illuminate its dramatic form. It is true, as Willard Farnham has noted, that "the structure of the play is well calculated to aid its protagonist in calling to our minds the round of Fortune's wheel . . . In the third act we find that Richard has run a course of rising action and has begun his descent. Pressing behind him upon the turning wheel, rising as he falls, comes Bolingbroke." As a description of the large, general movement of the play this is apt, for it is ably based upon the medieval notion then prevalent. But Fortune's wheel (never mentioned in the play), with its connotation of slow and majestic rise and fall, is an inept symbol for the incessant, nervous activity which animates the drama. Richard does not make one stately ascent and descent. He is tossed, he teeters, he dies many times before his death. The image of Fortune's buckets, carefully elaborated by Richard himself (as Professor Farnham notes), probably best symbolizes, for this play and for tragic life as a whole, the whimsical, often indecisive governance attributed to fate.

Finally, this study of patterned motion within the play may suggest a necessary enlargement upon the conventional methods of

examining Shakespeare's imagery. It has been noted by Caroline Spurgeon that the leading images may subtly but insistently contradict the more obvious import of speeches and action. It is not carrying the play too much farther into the scholar's study to assert that Shakespeare's intuition led him occasionally to a still finer subtlety; namely, to a contradiction of the meaning carried by the pictorial images themselves. In regard to *Richard II* one thing seems fairly certain: there is something not entirely convincing about the pomp and gorgeous decorativeness of the play. Its most exalted scenes leave one uncertain as to the dignity of the participants, uneasy as to the appropriateness of solemn emotion. One may therefore wonder how scholars could so earnestly have busied themselves charting the ornate, verbal pictures with which the play abounds, neglecting the fact that these images do not in themselves afford the necessary contradiction to the impressive surface meaning of the lines.

It may well be that the vertical activity which agitates the play influences our interpretation of the static pictures. Richard and Bolingbroke move constantly up and down; with them move, often grotesquely, the picturesque symbols of their universe. We see these beautiful images, not in repose, but in a regular, involuntary movement that coruscates them.

It is understandable that *Richard II* should occasionally impress modern readers as a story more troubled by ironical meaning than were the conventional sad stories of the death of kings. Probably, to be sure, Shakespeare meant the play to have mainly political import, and this was concerned with the serious, unironical business of deposing a king. Nevertheless Shakespeare chose not to take sides in presenting this vital and dangerous political problem; he wisely portrayed both Richard and Henry as at fault. Consequently it would have been an error in dramatic emphasis if either character were seriously to engage our sympathies. One way in which Shakespeare holds his audience aloof from full emotional participation with either side is by showing the significant discrepancy between pose and conduct, between the "pompous body" and the indignities to which it was subject, and between the lofty aspiration and the meanness of its execution. This discrepancy is dramatically enhanced by skilful elaboration of a simple contrast: that between up and down.

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NOTES AND COMMENT

THE portrait of Miss Viola Allen as *Viola* in *Twelfth Night,* her most successful role, reproduced in the frontispiece, was painted by Harold Dunbar in 1905. Through the good offices of her niece, Viola Allen Duryea, and her nephew, Charles W. Allen, of New York, The Folger Shakespeare Library recently received it as a noteworthy addition to the large collection of paintings of Shakespearean actors and actresses.

Dr. McManaway reports that at the time of her death Miss Allen was planning to give to the Folger collection the portrait of herself (hanging in the Empire Theatre, New York) in the role of *Glory Quayle* in Sir Hall Caine's dramatized novel, *The Christian.* This play, marking Miss Allen's first appearance as a star, Oct. 10, 1898, was duly damned by William Winter, the highly conservative and venerable critic, with the astringent comment he levelled at all the new fashions in drama. Though Winter deplored the mixture of perfervid romantic-religious sentimentality and didacticism of *The Christian*—which he stigmatized "as a treatise on sociology," he reserved his special venom for Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* and the realistic plays of Pinero, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Iris,* etc. "It is wrong to endeavor to convert either the field of fiction or the field of the stage into a form for the discussion of social problems. No theatrical audience can be found that will long endure the Moral Bore." (*The Wallet of Time,* 2 vols. 1913, Moffett, Yard & Co., N.Y. II, p. 437).

Of Miss Allen's performance he wrote: "Glory Quayle is more than "common talk" and has magnificent golden hair and exceedingly large gray eyes, in one of which there is a brown spot and she is possessed of a voice that can grow deep and delicious, so as to wile even a bear out his winter quarters. Miss Allen, although in a different style, she possesses a beauty of her own, could not correspond to that description and neither did she suggest a temperament as unstable as water or a mind as volatile as a puff of wind. The girl represented by her was now one thing and now another, but in so far as she was clearly anything, she was a sensuous, coquettish, capricious young

woman, tempting a man and playing with him, but suddenly revealing at last moral principle and a solid fibre of character" (p. 440).

Mr. Allen and Miss Duryea prevailed upon the authorities of the Museum of the City of New York (of which our valued contributor in this issue, May Davenport Seymour, is Curator) to accept the Empire Theatre portrait of Miss Allen as *Glory* and to send to the Folger Shakespeare Library the more appropriate one of Miss Allen in *Twelfth Night.*

Shakespeare Survey

The new publication, *Shakespeare Survey, An Annual Survey of Shakespearian Study & Production,* edited by Professor Allardyce Nicoll, the foremost authority on the history of the drama, has appeared under the sponsorship of the University of Birmingham, The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, and The Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, from the publishing house of the Cambridge University Press, England; also New York, The Macmillan Company, 1948. The Advisory Board comprises the noted English scholars:

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Of special interest to the American public are the two American correspondents James G. McManaway of the Folger Shakespeare Library, who represents scholarship, and Rosamond Gilder, who represents the theatre.

American readers will be particularly interested in Dr. McManaway's running account of the treasures and scholarly facilities of The Folger Shakespeare Library, which Louis B. Wright, recently Director of Research at the Huntington Library, has now in charge. Dr. Giles E. Dawson is Curator of Books and Manuscripts, Edwin E. Willoughby, Chief Bibliographer. This able and experienced staff will push along the completion of the catalogue and establish a long-needed reference library, presumably after the pattern of the unexcelled one which Dr. Wright assembled at the Huntington with the aid of Miss Fry.

Heretofore, knowledge of the Folger treasures has hardly been widespread. Our President, A. S. W. Rosenbach, who is chiefly responsible for Folger's purchase of top-flight folios and quartos and numerous other items, rare or unique, issued a brief but informing brochure about the time the Library was available. Director J. Q. Adams revealed the steady accumulation of further rare titles and whole libraries, like the Harmsworth, and the Dryden collections, in his annual reports to the Trustees of Amherst College who administer the Folger Foundation. No one, however, until Dr. McManaway, had provided a comprehensive listing and illuminating commentary on the vast and unbelievable array of treasures, scholarly and theatrical, that Mr. and Mrs. Folger accumulated during a whole lifetime devoted to this single purpose with practically, at that time, unlimited funds.

Report of the Annual Dinner

The Shakespeare Club of New York and The Shakespeare Association of America met together as usual at The National Arts Club Sunday evening, April 25th, for the Annual Dinner commemorating the 384th Anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday. The attendance of over one hundred and fifty guests included many distinguished scholars and men and women of the theatre and other fields of activity.

Mary T. Sharpe, President of the Shakespeare Club of New York City, called upon Monsignor William T. Dillon, President of St. Joseph College, to give the Invocation. Clarence Derwent, President of Equity, made a most interesting and practical toastmaster. Over the years he has engaged in many struggles upon the battlefields of Shakespeare and has acted in over thirty of the Bard's plays. He is now serving as delegate to the meeting of the International Theatre Institute at Prague. Michael Redgrave and Flora Robson of the English "Macbeth" company, among the guests on the dais, spoke eloquently, and were followed by President Harvey Wiley Corbett of the National Arts Club, who has designed some of the notable buildings of the century, including Radio City, and is author of the "Corbett Plan" for the United Nations development.

Mr. Arthur Heine, President elect of the New York Shakespeare Club and earnest worker for the Shakespeare Association of America, then nominated for Honorary Vice-Presidents of the Association the following, seconded by the Vice President John H. H. Lyon of Columbia University and unanimously elected:

Florence Sutro Anspacher	Robert Porterfield
Harvey Wiley Corbett	Michael Redgrave
Katherine Cornell	Flora Robson
Clarence Derwent	William Hobart Royce
José Ferrer	Dr. George N. Shuster
George Freedley	Leonora Speyer
John Gielgud	Kent Smith
Dr. James G. McManaway	Dr. Milton Smith
Sister M. Monica	Dr. Robert M. Smith
Dr. Thomas Marc Parrott	Godfrey Tearle

Further addresses followed by Robert Porterfield, Director The Barter Theatre of Virginia State Theatre, Dr. James G. McManaway of The Folger Shakespeare Library, Dr. Thomas Marc Parrott, Professor Emeritus, Princeton University, Dr. Milton Smith, Director of The Brander Matthews Theatre.

The finale was a delightful presentation of G. Bernard Shaw's *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* by The Six O'Clock Theatre with Director Fred Stewart, Miss Hilda Vaughn, Mr. Joseph Anthony, Miss Norma Chambers, and Mr. Jabez Gray, by special arrangement with A N T A. The dinner concluded with the Benediction by Monsignor Dillon. R. M. S.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We learn with regret of the passing of our honorary vice-president, Aurelia Henry Reinhardt.